And what ſhall I doe then? Ile bring a beavy,
A hundred blacke eyd Maides, that love as I doe
With Chaplets on their heads of Daffadillies,
With cherry-lips, and cheekes of Damaske Roſes,
And all wee'l daunce an Antique fore the Duke,
And beg his pardon; Then ſhe talk'd of you Sir;
That you muſt looſe your head to morrow morning,
And ſhe muſt gather flowers to bury you,
And ſee the houſe made handſome, then ſhe ſung
Nothing but Willow, willow, willow, and betweene
Ever was, *Palamon*, faire *Palamon*,
And *Palamon*, was a tall yong man. The place
Was knee deepe where ſhe ſat; her careles Treſſes,
A wreake of bull-ruſh rounded; about her ſtucke
Thouſand freſh water flowers of ſeverall cullors.
That me thought ſhe appeard like the faire Nimph
That feedes the lake with waters, or as Iris
Newly dropt downe from heaven; Rings ſhe made
Of ruſhes that grew by, and to 'em ſpoke
The prettieſt poſies: Thus our true love's tide,
This you may looſe, not me, and many a one:
And then ſhe wept, and ſung againe, and ſigh'd,
And with the ſame breath ſmil'd, and kiſt her hand.

2. *Fr.* Alas what pitty it is?

Wooer. I made in to her.
She ſaw me, and ſtraight ſought the flood, I ſav'd her,
And ſet her ſafe to land: when preſently
She ſlipt away, and to the Citty made,
With ſuch a cry, and ſwiftnes, that beleeve me
Shee left me farre behinde her; three, or foure,
I ſaw from farre off croſſe her, one of 'em
I knew to be your brother, where ſhe ſtaid,
And fell, ſcarce to be got away: I left them with her.

Enter Brother, Daughter, and others.

And hether came to tell you: Here they are.

Daugh. May you never more enjoy the light, &c.
Is not this a fine Song?

Bro. O a very fine one.

Daugh.

Daugh. I can ſing twenty more.

Bro. I thinke you can,

Daugh. Yes truely can I, I can ſing the Broome,
And Bony Robin. Are not you a tailour?

Bro. Yes,

Daugh. Wher's my wedding Gowne?

Bro. Ile bring it to morrow.

Daugh. Doe, very rarely, I muſt be abroad elſe
To call the Maides, and pay the Minſtrels
For I muſt looſe my Maydenhead by cocklight
Twill never thrive elſe.
O faire, oh ſweete, &c. *Singes.*

Bro. You muſt ev'n take it patiently.

Iay. Tis true,

Daugh. Good'ev'n, good men, pray did you ever heare
Of one yong *Palamon*?

Iay. Yes wench we know him.

Daugh. Is't not a fine yong Gentleman?

Iay. Tis, Love.

Bro. By no meane croſſe her, ſhe is then diſtemperd
For worſe then now ſhe ſhowes.

1. *Fr.* Yes, he's a fine man.

Daugh. O, is he ſo? you have a Siſter.

1. *Fr.* Yes.

Daugh. But ſhe ſhall never have him, tell her ſo,
For a tricke that I know, y'had beſt looke to her,
For if ſhe ſee him once, ſhe's gone, ſhe's done,
And undon in an howre. All the young Maydes
Of our Towne are in love with him, but I laugh at 'em
And let 'em all alone, Is't not a wiſe courſe?

1. *Fr.* Yes.

Daugh. There is at leaſt two hundred now with child (by him,
There muſt be fowre; yet I keepe cloſe for all this,
Cloſe as a Cockle; and all theſe muſt be Boyes,
He has the tricke on't, and at ten yeares old
They muſt be all gelt for Muſitians,
And ſing the wars of *Theſeus*.

2. *Fr.* This is ſtrange.